

The Interior Journal.
W. P. WALTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
T. R. WALTON, JR.,
BUSINESS MANAGER.
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THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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WHOLE NUMBER 455

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Interior Journal will be sent from now till January 1st, 1882, for \$2, to subscribers paying the cash. Now's your chance.

Week Notes Week.

The other morning a man with the aspect of a book agent walked swiftly up Magazine street until he came opposite a house where a red-headed woman with a long nose and her sleeves rolled up was washing the windows.

"Is this a boarding house, madam?" he said gently, as he leaned his elbow on the fence and looked over into the yard.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman.

"Can I obtain desirable board here at a reasonable price?"

"Yes, sir; there is no better house in the city."

"Can I see the landlady?"

"I am the landlady, sir."

"Ah! indeed. I have often heard of the beauty and industry of the women of New Orleans, but now I have an actual demonstration of the fact."

"Do you wish to secure board here?" inquired the woman, blushing and looking pleased.

"Well, I reckon I do. Have you any old maids in the house who wear gimlet curls and have pet parrots that talk all night and worry the life out of people? Are there any babies who are always having the colic and howling enough to make a mummy? Madam, I am very particular where I board now, as the last place I stopped at, my room was situated between that of a young woman who had a pair of twin babies and a musician who played on the flute and walked with a crutch; and when the babies became quiet on the one side, the infernal cuss on the other would either be thumping over the floor or playing on the flute, until at last I could stand it no longer. Are any of these boarding pests stopping with you?"

"No sir; none but quiet single men board here."

"Ah, that is surely a fine recommendation, but do you set a fine table?"

"Yes, of course I do," replied the woman, getting angry. "What do you want to know?"

"What prompted me to ask you the question was the fact that every boarding house falls into the error of giving its boarders too much liver for breakfast, which is something I detest. When a man gets up in the morning he doesn't feel like trying to eat a spring mattress, consequently I make it a point to hunt up a house where the boarders are not so cured. A man can stand coldish baths very well, but human nature, madam, is far from being equal to tough liver three times a day. If you recollect I said before I am very particular where I board. Madam, are you a married woman?"

"Yes, I am, and I am tired of answering your questions. If you don't want to board here just go away," and the excited landlady slushed the soap-suds over the window panes, and made her brush fly like a gin fan. The man still leaned on the fence and gazed at her steadily.

"Madam, I see you have a temper," he remarked, when she turned around to see if he had gone; "and a temper, when it is not controlled, often creates a great deal of misery and no end of divorce suits. I've no doubt that when irritated by household duties and care, that you often give your husband a sound rebuking, and if he is a prematurely bald-headed man, it is your own fault; yet you are not to blame for that which nature endowed you with. But this trouble can be obviated. I have her madam, and he dived into a square-shaped box, "a valuable work entitled 'Home Made Happiness, or The Domestic Guide.' This excellent volume I will sell you for the sum of one dollar and fifty cents. As I previously remarked you cannot be blamed for your temper. Every red-headed woman with a long nose and a brown wart under her left eye has a sour temper, but if you will only follow the suggestions laid down in this book, your home will be a paradise and—"

"And if you don't leave here, you impudent puppy, I'll call the police. I want you to—"

"Hear in mind, madam, that no matter how ugly you are, a good disposition makes any woman angelic, and—"

"Ain't you going to leave, despicable villain, you badly-legged?"

"Although you are shapely like a loped-dog triangle, and have freckles on your face as large as a ginger snap—"

The next instant a shriek was heard, and the book agent was stretched flat on the pavement with a bucket of soap-suds on top of him and a small dog snapping at his heels. —[New Orleans Paper.]

"Is there anything you wish?" said a Woodward Avenue grocer yesterday to a pensive individual who was gazing at the garden "truck" with which the sidewalk in front of the grocer's store was decorated. "Yes," said the pensive one. "I wish Hancok had carried New York."

An Interview With the Celebrated Executioner of London.

After the execution of the Rotherham murderer recently, a reporter of the Sheffield Daily Telegraph interviewed Marwood, the executioner. The report states:

"It was a grand execution! Wood never moved even a finger," were the first words uttered when he entered the room where a number of persons were assembled. "I gave him the long drop, nine feet four inches, and he died as peacefully as a lamb."

"What is your reason for having such a long drop?" some one asked.

Lifting up his hands and raising his eyes, he exclaimed in dramatic tones: "It is humane, and saves suffering; the man dies instantly."

He had not seen Wood before he met him in the cell a few minutes before the execution, but when he did see him he was very unfavorably impressed with his face. He thought him a cold-hearted, callous man, and was confident of his guilt. In reply to a question respecting the rope, he called for his bag. His visitors held their breath while he slowly unfasted the leather straps which were around it, applied the key to the lock, opened the bag, and brought out its contents, which proved to be two ropes and a few pinning straps. One rope a thick one, measuring about three inches in circumference, was the rope which he had used around the neck the preceding morning of the Aylesbury murderer, and with which he had also executed Wood. The other was a smaller rope, perhaps an inch in circumference. It was a curious sight to behold Marwood contemplating the ropes. He gazed upon them smilingly, fondly handling them as tenderly as a mother would handle a baby, a connoisseur a piece of rare china, a young lady a bonnet of the latest fashion.

"This rope," said he holding up the thickest, "is the rope; it is made of the finest Italian hemp; it is the rope of the good old times." Here he grew rather eloquent and earnest, and with emphasis added, "This rope is made especially for me, and is supplied by the Governor. Look how beautiful and smooth it is; feel it, it is a real beauty."

The visitors felt it, but failed to see much beauty.

"Don't be frightened of it, there is no blood-stain on it," he said this because it was being very closely and critically examined. "I never shed blood, and never yet broke the skin of my 'patients'."

Speaking of his predecessors in the execution line, he said their great fault was that they did not study their profession scientifically. When he became the public executioner hanging was nothing but a theory, little understood, and he proceeded to explain the art of successful and "pleasant" hanging. In the old days of a short drop a man suffered greatly, but since he inaugurated the long drop death is instantaneous and "pleasant." He has abolished vulgar suffocation and strangulation. He now dislocates the neck, severs the spinal cord, and creates no pain. Death comes like a flash of lightning.

"I like the reporters," he subsequently remarked, "and think the press ought always to be admitted to executions. They represent the public, and the public should be informed of what occurs at executions. I am kept busy. I hang from twenty to thirty every year. I am not paid by salary nor by the Government. The Sheriff pays me, and I am paid very well."

He was asked what he did in his leisure hours. "Well, I have a nice garden at Horncastle, to which I pay some attention. When I have business I go to church. Spurgeon is my favorite preacher. I always go to hear him—he is a grand man. Sometimes I go to hear Dr. Parker at the City Temple, and at other times I go to hear Dean Stanley. I am not a Wesleyan—I once was. I belong to the whole Church, not to any sect."

How HE GOT RICH.—A good old man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied:—

"My father taught me never to play till my work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing and in half an hour. After this was done I was allowed to play. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit that I now owe my property."

So far as at present known, the girl is a silent animal, like the eland and the kangaroo, and has never been known to utter a sound, even when struggling in the agonies of death.

What a Boy Thinks About Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except a woman. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they annoy you. I can cipher clean over the improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of three. They are as full of Old Nick as their skins can hold, and they would die if they could not torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes to you with her nonsense is to give her it for tot, and that will humbug her, and when you get a girl flummoxed she is nice as a pin. A girl can now and then wild out in a day than a boy can now in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mud-puddle. But I like girls first rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't either. The boyitivist girl in the world can always boil over like a glass of soda. By-and-by they get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull study as an old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a man out of the fellow they have spiced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

A Tale.

Once upon a time, not long ago, a rooster and a crow were courting the same pullet, with, of course, different ends in view. The young thing was unable to choose between the two, for the crow made many professions of love, and by his cunning, rivalled in appearance the honest devotion of the rooster. Affairs becoming disagreeable, the rooster, no longer able to contain himself, denounced the crow as a liar and a horse-thief, in the very presence of the pullet. The crow took it very coolly, went home and sent a polite note to the rooster saying if he wanted satisfaction he knew where he could be found. The noble rooster at once sent a challenge which was accepted. The meeting was arranged, each fellow to select his own weapons. At the appointed time the rooster left his barn yard unprotected, and with a few friends repaired to the scene of the conflict. After waiting some time and no sign appearing, the roosters set up a loud crowing and claimed the victory and the right to denounce the enemy as a coward. Menutime the crow had slipped into the barn yard and carried off the pullet, so that when the rooster came in, the rooster found himself left a—virtuous widower. A big eagle who was standing with his hands in his pockets on a neighboring hill, and saw the whole performance, laughed as he turned round to the bar-keeper and said: "I never seen it fail. Virtue is its own reward."

Mixed Feed for Stock.

"As a rule," says the Western Agriculturalist, "Western farmers feed too much corn to their stock. Mixed feed will produce better results in stock feeding as entirely as does mixed husbandry in farming. A mixture of feeding substance is always conducive to the health of animals. It operates as a change of food, and it is more convenient to mix several substances and to use them together than to feed them separately. For horses the basis of the grain feed should be oats or barley. It might be remarked here that barley is too much neglected as a feeding substance; it is nutritious and healthful even as a single food, while mixed with corn it reduces the heating character of the latter. Equal parts of oats, barley, corn, wheat or rye bran and linseed ground together form a perfect food for horses, containing no element for nutriment in excess and having the laxative effect of the oily linseed to keep the digestive organs in perfect order, the skin loose and the coat smooth and glossy."

How to Stop a Paper.

The following, from one of our exchanges, so fully and clearly expresses our views on the subject that we copy it without comment: "You have an undoubted right to stop a newspaper when you feel disposed, upon payment of all arrearages. Do not hesitate to do so on account of the 'tenderness of feeling' for the editor. Don't you suppose he would stop buying sugar of you, or meat, clothing, dry goods, etc., if he thought he was not getting his money's worth, and why should you not exercise the same privilege with regard to him? And when you discontinue a paper, do so manfully. Don't be so spiteful as to throw it back to the post-master with a contemptuous 'I don't want it any longer!' and have 'refused' written on the margin, and have the paper returned to the editor. No gentleman ever stopped it in that way; no matter if his head is covered with gray hair that should be honorable. If you do not longer wish to receive a newspaper, write a note to the editor like a man, saying so—and be sure that the arrearages are paid. That is the way to stop a newspaper."

A Devoted Wife.

There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's Indian wife to her brave and manly lover. While raining in the West he married an Indian girl, with whom he lived very happily. When he was taken ill, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet Mustang pony and traveled hundreds of miles to reach him. Night and day she continued her journey, resting only a few hours on the open prairie, lying on her wonderful little steed as soon as she could gather up forces anew. She forded rivers, else scolded rocky passes, she waded through morasses, and finally arrived, just alive, to find her husband better, but still in danger, and exertion killed her. She was seized with pneumonia and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The result killed Kit Carson, the rugged miner. He broke a blood vessel, and both are buried in one grave.

"Patronizing" a Paper.

Some ignorance writes us about "patronizing" the *Ledger*. Patronize is good English, but not good American. We have no use for such a word in this country. All honest and just trade is an advantage to both parties. We make money manufacturing and selling the *Ledger*. Our subscribers in buying it, get more than their money's worth. Both parties are benefited. There is no patronizing on either side. Only persons not imbued with the true American spirit—ever talk about "patronizing" a paper. Of course the relationship of publisher and reader, especially when continued for a long series of years, naturally begets a strong tie of mutual friendship. —[N. Y. Ledger.]

Good Advice.

If you have a friend with a cough or cold, tell him to try Dr. Hall's Cough Syrup. It is a good thing, and he will thank you for your advice. The price is only 25 cents a bottle.

Ireland.

Ireland has 450,000 tenants, whose sole acreage each does not average 20 acres to an average family of ten persons. She has in these people the nursery of peasant pauperism, by reason of landlord aggression. She has 380,000 more tenants with an average of ten acres per eight persons, and these constitute the annexe to the above nursery. She has 140,000 more of an average family of five that do not hold more than four acres per family, and they are the nursery and the tomb of pauper Ireland. It is impossible for each occupier of such plots of land to live in other than pauperism when the climate, the crops and the absence of capital are considered. I omit the landlord's rule of terror, distrust and destruction. And yet you are asked why these people are not like the Saxon prosperous mechanic! There are 4,875,000 acres of waste land in Ireland, as the English reformer and manufacturer will tell you. Yes; but they are acres of swamp and bog, together with irreclaimable mountain land. Arterial and surface drainage to redeem this land, requires money. This money has not been supplied. And the Irish peasant is made the poor scape-goat for his marshy and mountain acres, already too well watered and imprudent by the tears of his broken heart, his crushed children's sobs and his attenuated wife's sighs.

RENTUCKY PRESS TALK.

ITS CHIEFEST DELIGHT.

It seems to be the Danville Tribune's chiefest delight to make itself as contemptible and offensive as possible, politically. —[Somerset Reporter.]

NO FAULT OF THE PAPERS.

Every weekly Democratic paper that came to our notice did its duty in the Presidential election efficiently and faithfully. We do not know of a single exception. The faithful editors are the true leaders of the party. They can neither be bought, tricked nor intimidated. —[Louisville Democrat.]

HOOD ADVISE.

Wade Hampton has written a letter in favor of keeping the Democratic party alive, whilst Hon. Hill has written one urging the dissolution of both the Democratic and Republican organizations. If both of these gentlemen would forget how to write and buy padlocks for their mouths, the country would be better off. —[Winchester Democrat.]

NOT A MIDDLE.

The *Argus* in receipt of a card from a lady correspondent who inquires: "If the editor realizes that most of his readers are women when he fills his columns with political articles? Of course, some political reading is interesting to all; but for a steady diet, deliver us." While disposed to accommodate every one, we think, in this case, a physician should be addressed. —[Sunday Argus.]

A gentleman made up his mind that he would give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the evening at home. After supper he settled himself down for a cozy time in the bosom of his family. He had no more than comfortable fixed himself when his wife abruptly asked him if his friends didn't want him any longer. Then his mother-in-law asked him if he had exhausted his credit. The servant asked him if he was ill. One of the neighbors wanted to know if he had any trouble and was afraid of the law. All of which occurred in twenty minutes, for in half an hour he was beyond questioning range in his club.

A Rochester tool paid an election bet by promenading the streets dressed in his wife's night gown.

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FRENCH AND ENGLISH SUITINGS,
Which I will make up in first-class style and at the lowest prices. I have permanently located in Stanford, and all I ask is a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance or no sale.

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Our stock of Fall Prints, Bleached and Brown Cotton and Furnishing Goods is Very Attractive.

Custom-Made Boots and Shoes from the Best Factories in the West have been received for the Fall Trade.

We make a Specialty of Ladies' Fine Shoes.

New Trunks just received.

McALISTER & LYTLE.

Gov. JAMES D. WILLIAMS, better known as "Blind John," died at his home in Indianapolis on Saturday, of inflammation of the bladder. He was taken sick on the day of the Presidential election, and had been confined to his bed since retiring that night. Gov. Williams was a remarkable man, both in appearance and disposition. Six feet four inches tall, and weighing only 174 pounds, he presented a most agreeably exterior, but it covered a warm and honest heart as ever beat in the bosom of man. His great popularity is shown in the fact that for thirty years he was a member of the State Senate, besides holding various other State offices. In 1871 he was elected to Congress, and in 1876 received the Democratic nomination for Governor, which exciting and successful race most of our readers will remember. He has since filled the office of Governor with great satisfaction to his people, and his death is not only genuinely regretted by them, but by the people everywhere. Lieutenant Governor Gray now becomes acting Governor, and has already taken the oath of office. This state of affairs produces a considerable complication in the Senate, which is a tie, and in which Gov. Gray, as presiding officer, had the casting vote. The law requires that both Houses of the Legislature must be organized before the Governor or Lieutenant Governor can take their seats. It will thus be seen that unless there can be found a man patriotic enough to make a defection from one side or the other, the inauguration of the new officers can be indefinitely postponed. Should this be done, the State would be without a Governor after the second Monday in January, as Gov. Gray's term expires on that day, and if no organization be had prior to March 4th, no legal election of U. S. Senator can be made.

The admirable working of the Board of Paroles in Pennsylvania is the subject of general remark. All applications for pardon in that State have to be made to this Board, which sits on stated days to hear all reasons for the claiming of such clemency. Where there are sufficient, a recommendation to the Governor for a pardon is made, which he grants, without the annoyance of a personal appeal to himself. This week forty-six applications were made to the Board, but only eight were favorably considered, and that ends the matter. Such a Board should be had in every State, for the one man power is always dangerous. A Governor is but human, and if—like our own beloved Luko—he has a fellow-feeling for bad men, and a tender heart, he is likely to work incalculable damage to the well being of society by lending a willing ear to the false call for mercy, made by those who have broken the law. A Board of Paroles is governed by no such impulses. The cases are patiently heard, and decided only on their merits. Our next Legislature would do well if it learn a lesson from its Northern brethren, and adopt the Pennsylvania law in the matter of pardons.

The editor of the Harrodsburg Observer allowed two "no-vices" to edit his last issue, and they got out an exceedingly lively paper. It was plain to see that Col. Nat. Galtier was one of the pro tem editors, but he is no "no-vice," by any means. He has had much experience in newspaper writing, and is a day-laborer of the brightest and best writers in the State. He is a gentleman all over and a scholar, too, and what is equally as important, a fair judge of old Bourbon. May he live to test many draughts of the good old stuff.

EMMETT G. LOGAN has resigned his position on the Louisville Post and is now Managing Editor of the Courier-Journal, his old love, a position for which he is most eminently fitted. We rejoice at his promotion, and also at the fact that Mr. Duval Paduan goes back to his entertaining "Small Talk," which he endeavors to disguise under the head of "This and That."

THAT the Cincinnati Enquirer is the most thorough-going and enterprising newspaper in the West, there can be no doubt; but as to the genuineness of its Democracy, there is much room for a display of facetiousness. But the Enquirer is published for money, and news, especially if it relates to scandal, peddles better than principles in these degenerate days.

HANCOCK's official majority in Kentucky is 43,419, which is 373 less than Gov. Blackburn's. The total vote of the State was 204,384. The Republicans increased their vote over 1876, 7,304, and the Greenbackers 9,554, while the Prohibitionists decrease 551.

JAMES L. FUON, just elected U. S. Senator of Alabama, has had a taste of Congress before, having served in the Thirty-sixth and also in the First and Second Confederate Congresses. He is said to be a good man.

Gov. BLACKBURN attended the funeral of Gov. Williams, and delivered a short eulogy, commencing with his stereotyped expression: "I had no idea of making a speech to-day."

In the rural districts of North Carolina a would-be law maker took it into his head to run for the Legislature. By promising his daughter that she should spend the Winter at the Capital if he was elected, he enlisted her in his cause, and she worked for him with increasing earnestness, building air castles all the while of how she would appear as a legislator's daughter; of how her society would be sought at the Capital, and of how many conquests she would make. But when the vote came to be counted, it was found that the would-be legislator had not enough votes by half to make his calling and election sure. The shock was too much for the daughter, whose hopes and anticipations had been strung to their greatest tension, and procuring a rope she went up in the attic, tied one end to a rafter and the other around her soft young neck, and launched herself from the top of a goods box into eternity. And this leads us to say what we do say: put not your trust in politics, for it is written: they that live by politics shall die by politics.

EVERYBODY thinks that the Cincinnati Southern is the best built road in the country, but the consulting engineer has just made an estimate that it will take three millions of dollars, at least, to make it a first-class single track railroad. The people of Cincinnati, who have already heavily taxed themselves for the road, begin to realize that there are indeed "millions in it."

COCKING and Grant are said to be laying their heads together to elect the latter to the U. S. Senate from New York. He is said to be eligible on the grounds of inhabitation, though he has claimed citizenship in Illinois. He did not go there to vote in the Presidential election, and it may turn out that there is more in this report than many suspect.

BROTHER HOPPER's excellent Lebanon Standard has closed its tenth volume, and may be set down as one of the fixtures of the country. It has not missed an issue during the whole time. Few weeklies can boast of such promptness, or of a better paying patronage than the Standard enjoys.

Mrs. HAYES has been elected President of the Women's National Relief Society, and now she is a bigger man than old Rutherford, because she holds her office by an undisputed election, while his tenure is due to force and fraud.

AND now they say that Indiana elects one Hancock Elector, and that Garfield's plurality is but 3,771, instead of 6,400, as at first reported. The failure of a marshal to report the vote of the 8th District occasions the latter.

CONGRESS will meet on the 6th of December. The Democrats ought to make good use of their short time, as after March 4th, they can cut but a small figure in that body.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS

—It cost \$670,000 to clothe the army last year.

—The interest on the public debt this year amounts to \$46,757,573.

—During October 61,312 immigrants arrived in the United States.

—King Kalakaua of Hawaii, will visit the United States again this Winter.

—Under the Act of February 25th, 1875, the total coinage of silver dollars to date, is \$2,817,750.

—Judge Taylor has been unanimously nominated for Congress by the Republicans to fill Gen. Garfield's unexpired term.

—The official vote of Virginia shows that the Democrats received 96,418; the Republicans 94,927, and the Unionists 83,630.

—Gov. Henry M. Matthews, of West Virginia, is a candidate to succeed Senator Harrell, with bright chances of success.

—Sheriff Eldridge Kenton, of Robertson county, Ky., was the first to make a full settlement with the Auditor for the year of 1880.

—The Somerset Reporter says that the \$10,051.91 that the Military Encampment at Greb Orchard cost, was quadrupled by a sap-headed Governor.

—Stephen Robinson, a brother of Gen. J. F. Robinson, in a fit of Epilepsy, fell in the fire in Lexington, and was burned to death, Tuesday last.

—Jerry and Charles Williams, brothers, quarreled, near Louisville Saturday, when the former stabbed the latter to the heart killing him instantly.

—Senator Dan Voorhees says that he is confident that the Supreme Court decision, which made Indiana an October State, cost Hancock his election.

—The total expenditures by the Government on account of the late war, were, according to the Second Auditor of the Treasury, \$1,559,138,343.88.

—General Nelson A. Miles, the Indian fighter, has been promoted to Chief of the Signal Service, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Gen. Meyer.

—A wedding party in Boone Co., Tenn., was postponed by the wedding party by mistake among the soda. Six persons have died and three are at the point of death.

—At the monthly meeting of the Directors of the Kentucky Central Railroad, a dividend of 3 per cent. on the preferred, and 1 per cent. on the common stock of the Company was declared.

—The human cinders raked from the ashes of the Minnesota State Lunatic Asylum at St. Paul give evidence that twenty-five inmates were burned to death. Three of these rescued have since died.

—The Post-office Department has made arrangements with Southern lines of railroads for fast mail, to take effect on the 26th inst., by which one business day will be saved between Boston and New Orleans.

—The Elizabethtown News declares for Maj. Thomas H. Hays for Governor, because he has all the elements of a first-class presiding officer, and because he was badly treated by his professed friends in the late Congressional race.

Robertson county, according to the Register, only paid \$125 last year for keeping the prisoners in its jail.

Some time since Miss Annie Hoffman paid both of her eyes out in an accident on the J. M. & L. R. She saved the temporary for \$100,000, but a jury gave her only \$10,500.

The Winchester News has found out that Harrodsburg is the oldest town in the State; that it has no public school buildings and that it has turned out more professional gamblers than any two towns in the State's history.

It is estimated that during the last two years England has sent to the United States two hundred millions of dollars, and that one hundred and fifty millions have been lost from the ground. Money might be plentiful at Harrodsburg.

At the end of June there were 250,802 names on the Pension rolls, 19,345 having added during the year. About forty millions were paid out during the year, but the Commissioner estimates that it will require fifty millions this year.

A little dwarf and her offspring, which was taken from her by what is known as the Cavalier operation, is on exhibition in Philadelphia. This is one of the few cases on record that the mother has survived this fearful surgical undertaking.

Dr. Thomas Wood, a prominent surgeon of Cincinnati, died Sunday from the effect of blood poisoning, caused by attending with clapped hands to the wounded in the recent railroad accident on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad.

The Postmaster General reports the receipts for last year at \$3,315,470.35; expenditures, \$3,542,803.68, a loss of three millions. He recommends that the Government take charge of the telegraphs, and that it also establish Postal Savings Banks.

The Secretary of the Treasury reports that there are now in operation 2,102 National Banks. During the year 58 were organized, 3 failed and 21 went into voluntary liquidation. The amount of gold and silver in the Treasury is \$140,258,852.

Secretary Sherman has completed estimates of appropriations necessary for the support of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, which will be transmitted to Congress in a bill on Monday week. The total estimate is \$2,808,292.25.

The life of a brakeman is a dangerous one indeed, and there are not many days that pass without seeing one of them killed. Wednesday, Wm. Shea, while coupling cars on the L. & N. R. P., at the Short Line Junction, was crushed in a fatal manner.

The Malheurists elected two Congressmen, Paul and Fulkerson, by the assistance of the Republicans, and in turn aided the Republicans to elect two members, Jorgenson and Derendorf. This is the greatest victory which they swept the State, (Petersburg Virginian).

The Managers of the Kentucky General Election, who were in Richmond this week, where they announced that they had determined to extend their road to that point. They asked the people of Madison for \$600,000, but it is not likely that she will give more than \$250,000.

Fifty years have passed since a State has divided its vote in the Electoral College; a hundred years might perhaps have passed had not the Democrats of California thrown away an electoral vote by nominating, in their close State, an elector with personal antecedents so objectionable as those of Terry.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad have increased their capital stock to \$25,000,000, and they will immediately commence the construction of six hundred miles of additional road. This will give the Missouri, Kansas & Texas the best alliance with the line building to the City of Mexico, besides connection with New Orleans.

The Harrodsburg Observer has adopted the following rule and prices: When any gentleman arrives in town, and desires a notice under head of personals, we will prefix the title to his name as he may desire, viz: Hon., Esq., Gen., etc.; Judge, etc.; Col., etc.; Major, etc.; Captain, etc., and so on down to Gov. for which we charge a good common \$5. cigar.

LEONARD, November 24.—The steamer Artiga came in collision this morning with the French steamer Okle Joseph near Spanish. The Okle Joseph was so much injured that she soon sank. She had three hundred persons on board, only ninety five of whom were saved. The Artiga has arrived at Leghorn, having also been severely damaged.

Some idea of the business of the Pullman Car Company is given in the following figures from the report for the year ending July 31, 1880: Mileage made by cars, 42,000,000; passengers carried, 1,500,000; paid for washing car linen, \$300,000; paid for cleaning the railway companies paying a large amount in addition, \$75,000; wages of conductors and porters, \$350,000.

The National Grange, in session at Washington, demands in its resolutions that the Commissioner of Agriculture be made the Secretary of Agriculture and a member of the President's Cabinet, and that Congress pass a general railroad law prohibiting all discrimination against local freight, a graduated income tax bill and a Act calling for the revision of the patent laws. The order is said to be in a proper condition.

As No. 2 passenger east-bound on the Ohio & Mississippi passed Bowling, Ind., at half-past three Saturday afternoon, running forty miles an hour, she struck a wagon in which four men were riding and killed them all. The victims are John McDouder, John L. Robertson, Freeman and Beverly Richardson. The three former were instantly killed, but Richardson lived several hours. The parties were returning from a funeral. They attempted to cross before the train. The horses balked, and the wagon was struck, with the horribly blood-spattered result stated.

Mr. and Mrs. Offutt drove twenty miles to Paris, Ky., to see a performance by the Wallace Comedy Company. Mrs. Offutt, who was young and pretty, was charmed by the acting of E. W. Spangler, the handsome hero of the play. The Offitts went to the same hotel where the comedians stayed. Offutt declares that both from the stage and at the dinner table, Spangler flirted with his wife. After the meal Offutt drove Spangler into a second-story room, locked the door, and gave him the choice between jumping out of the window and being shot. Spangler jumped, and the show was led to Lexington, where Offutt followed him. Fearing his wife, Spangler swore out a peace warrant against Offutt, and at last the latter was sent to jail, being unable to produce a bondman with \$500 willing to go his surety.

SAMUEL, Nov. 24.—Last evening a non-combatant, Brown of a gang of hoodlums, was shot at Harrodsburg while working in a quarry at Harrodsburg. He was badly wounded by the fall of a stone bar on his head. The pin in the top of the derelict broke and precipitated the whole weight on the head of Mr. Burk, crushing him into the ground, mashing his skull in three places, and breaking his back bone. He will die.

Nov. Deschamps, of New York, presents the following issues, which he thinks, should be raised by the Democracy in the next Congress: 1. A repeal of the Legal Tender Act, and a measure of doubtful constitutionality, and whose existence is pregnant with danger in time of peace.

2. The appreciation of the silver coinage as a medium of exchange, and the gold dollar equal to the existing value of the gold dollar. The withdrawal of one-dollar bills from circulation to the end that a place may be made for the silver currency. 3. A tariff reform. 4. A tariff for revenue only. No hoarding of special interests by the Government under any pretext. 5. The President should be elected by the people directly, and not through the existing State machinery, and that population and not the States should be accepted as the basis of representation in the United States Senate.

ROCKCASTLE. **Resident.** —Mrs. Butler has removed her stock of millinery to this place and now the ladies are supremely happy.

—Albright & Co. will make an addition of thirty-five feet to their already commodious store house. It will then be 20x75 feet and two stories high—much the largest store house in the county.

The popular teacher of our public school, Mr. S. H. Martin, is preparing for a tour of exhibition at the close of the term. The simple fact that the programme is supervised by Mr. Martin, is sufficient to justify us in predicting a grand success.

John Springer and J. C. Todd, for having absconded a superfluous quantity of "hot head" were arrested a few days since and in the absence of a jail they were committed to the tender mercies of a secure log stable, and now we hear it rumored that they will institute proceedings for cruelty to animals.

Among the recent acquisitions to our social circle is Mr. J. W. Harwood and family late of New England. These citizens are always glad to welcome such additions to their numbers. —Miss Mary Clark Engleman is visiting Mrs. D. Burdett. Miss Sude Woodard is teaching the unexpired term of the Oak Hill School vice H. H. Corn, resigned.

Mr. Vernon. —The "Club" looks like it would be a success. —Last drunkenness there was no observable in town Monday.

There was a slight letting up in the mercury Wednesday morning. —People here who have been, began filling their ice-houses Wednesday morning. The ice was about 21 inches thick.

A warrant for grand larceny was sworn out Wednesday by John Allen for Henry Mullins, commonly known as "Sho' Henry." —There was a big ball somewhere in this county last Tuesday night, as was evidenced by the sleepy looks of the boys on Wednesday.

What has become of the Mountain Star? Can it be that it has taken a flight downward? Let it appear above the horizon and we will be glad to see it.

Adley Owens, who has been distilling brandy during the Fall at Mt. Guthrie, proposes to erect a whisky distillery, which will begin operations at once.

—Jesse Roberts was arrested on a peace-warrant sworn out by Cynthia Fry one day last week. He gave bond to be of good behavior till Circuit Court, and was discharged.

Commissioner W. G. Welch certainly intends to sell all the land in Lincoln county. No less than eight notices of land sales to be made by him were posted on our Court-house bulletin last Monday. —[And they were hardly half,—Ed.]

The operatives in the employ of the Lexington Coal Co. have struck for higher wages. They have been receiving 21 and 4 cents per bushel for mining coal, and thinking this too little, they demanded 5 cents, which was refused. Hence the strike.

—Married, on the 22d inst. Mr. H. B. Sutton to Miss Nicy Burton. The ceremony was pronounced by Judge G. W. McClure. Mr. Sutton was a widower, having lost his wife about three months ago, and his marriage shows that only in wedded life is there true happiness.

The town authorities showed their hand last Saturday evening. Bill Jack, a negro, having thrown excessive quantities of liquor under his belt, grew boisterous and threatened a disturbance, which was checked by his arrest and incarceration. He was tried Monday morning, and fined \$25.00.

Thanksgiving day was generally observed here. There were services at the Christian Church. Your correspondent was honored with an invitation by Mr. J. L. Whitehead to assist in denouncing a royal turkey, which he was not slow to accept. Miss Clara and Sallie Whitehead had prepared an elegant repast, which was heartily enjoyed by a few friends.

At Pine Hill last Friday night John Watson engaged in a encounter with some parties whose names he refuses to divulge. Several pistols figured in the affair, and Watson was shot in two places—receiving a flesh wound in the arm and a skull wound in the side. There have been no arrests. It is reported that two of the Watson boys did the shooting. Watson's wounds are not serious.

A visit to Crab Orchard, in company with a Louisville friend, last Sunday, was one of the most delightful experiences that the writer has enjoyed for many and many a day. The people of the little town are notably clever, and the ladies especially are sublime. Two-thirds of our enjoyment was due to the kindness of your fair and charming little correspondent, Miss Jennie Buchanan. She is not less graceful and brilliant in disposing hospitality than she is with her pen.

Last Monday was County Court day. Because of the cold weather, there was only a small crowd in town. Mr. T. R. Walton, Jr., of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL, was here, making collections and acquaintances and receiving subscriptions. He made many friends for himself and the paper. Every farmer and householder in Rockcastle county is a subscriber to THE INTERIOR JOURNAL. There comes from no other printing press a cleaner, lighter, livelier letter sheet.

—Col. R. M. Bailey has just received from J. F. Wallin, surveyor of this county, a map of the Derwent lands in Lexington, containing several thousand acres in different tracts. The lands were surveyed and the map executed by Mr. Wallin. The map is about six feet by ten feet, on heavy cloth, with colored lines for courses, ridges, projected railway lines are all shown with remarkable accuracy, while the separate tracts are designated by different colors. It is, in short, a master piece of artistic skill. Mr. Wallin is one of the very best surveyors in the State.

The crew on the freight train which ran on No. 17 and No. 18 on the Louisville and Nashville line, from Lexington, Ky., to Richmond Junction, and thence to Louisville as a special. Returning that night, they left Richmond Junction for Lexington four hours and forty-five minutes late. They made Lexington and returned to Richmond Junction in the afternoon only forty minutes behind their regular time. Good running, that, for a freight train.

—Miss Ida Adams, of Bell Seminary, Danville, is at home on a visit. —Mrs. Carle Glover, of Lexington, has been visiting friends here. —Miss M. Clark Engleman, of Boyle county, is visiting Mrs. D. Burdett at Brodhead. —It is said that Miss Moore of this place will leave shortly for Alabama where she will make a house with her brother, Miss C. Adams.

—Miss C. Adams, who is now in Lexington, will return to East Lexington, Ky., on Monday. —M. H. Bradley, of Lancaster, is in town this week on professional business. —M. F. Brinkley, came up from Louisville, last Friday to visit his brother Ed. Brinkley, who is quite ill at his home in Pulaski. —L. S. Jones, of Louisville, was here last week. —Mr. Charles S. Nield of Paint Lick, was here Saturday. He has sold his interest in the store of W. Adams & Co. to his partner, W. Adams, Jr.

—Dr. S. W. Brown, of Paint Lick, has been with us for several days. He intends to move in a short time with his family in North Middleton, Bourbon county, Ky. —Wherever he goes, Mr. Brown is attended by his father, F. J. Kennedy, of Richmond, who is in town Tuesday night, the guest of J. E. Venable. —Miss Ella Evans, a bright and sparkling beauty from Crab Orchard, is visiting Mrs. G. W. McClure. —Miss Zula Williams, one of our sweetest little girls, who has attended school in Louisville, was at home on a visit last Sunday.

—M. P. Newcomb, of this place, claims that he is possessed of the secret of power for making self-propelling or perpetual motion. He says that in 1862 he and his brother in Boone's Hollow constructed a machine that was self-moving, and gained two-thirds of the power of its own weight. A considerable quantity of fuel was used in the construction, and some English scientists were informed by enemies of the Newcombs, who were Southern sympathizers that they were engaged in smuggling ammunition to the Rebel army under Zollicoffer. The Federals accordingly went to this hollow and destroyed all the work which they had accomplished. During the war operations could not be resumed. After the war Mr. Newcomb sustained severe financial reverses, his brother died, and he has since been unable to construct the machine, which in making will involve a considerable outlay of time, money and labor. He declares that there is no doubt of his ability to make the power, if he had the means to invest, and that he can demonstrate the secret of its operation to any reasonable mechanic. He would lend him his preliminary assistance in developing this long sought power. Mr. Newcomb is an honest, Christian gentleman, and has never exhibited any symptoms of mental aberration—except his statement that he can construct a perpetual self-propelling machine.

It is written the Stars shall rule the earth. —In matters of love, politics and religion we are all fools. —Wayne county, with her usual patriotism, secured last autumn a majority for Hancock and English.

—Mr. Louis Withers informs us that up to the present time he has purchased three or four thousand bushels of wheat at the rate of \$1 per bushel. —George Wallace, workman at the saw mill of John Kelley, by accident, was run over and killed in a few hours. When with men operating dangerous machinery begin to appreciate their peril.

—Frances Harritt, who killed Mr. Harris, a negro, some years since, has had another trial with like result as the former, a hung jury. The case presents some peculiar aspects and may hang and continue to hang until finally dismissed.

Our Circuit Court began its Fall Session last Monday. The usual lawyers in attendance, Mr. J. C. Warren, Attorney for the Commonwealth, the only new feature within the bar. We shall have state that Mr. Warren has made a favorable impression upon the people, and enjoyed very considerable power in criminal prosecutions. If, however, we catch him in any fault, we shall deem it our duty to report him.

—Mr. J. C. Sautley, that gifted and promising young man and we mention it with more joy than pain has recently cut a wisdom tooth, which militated in an alarming degree against his physical well-being and mental balance. After the travail was over, an ordeal altogether new to him, he arose refreshed to the Goddess Minerva, and with an air of triumphant disdain, sent in his resignation as Deputy Clerk, and now mixes with the members of the bar, forgetting the tale of the Jackdaw and Nightingale altogether.

—Winter, ruler of the inverted year, has come in by the back-door this time, the transition has been so rapid and unexpected that all animals native, excepting those that have plenty of food and warm habitations. How their chattering and sympathetic hearts, as they have around them all that is comfortable, run go out to the starving and freezing poor, and appreciating the difference more keenly from the difference in their circumstances, with what earnest prayer upon their lips they say: Lord have mercy upon the poor.

J. J. Palmer and J. B. Johnston, of Grayson county, representing the Cincinnati Fire Insurance Company, were in Wayne county some days since. —Comet Geometer, the handsome and pragmatic poet and show man, has put in his appearance again. He is eloquent in his line, possessing an extraordinary power in convincing denials of the excellent quality of his goods. —Mr. T. H. Walton, Jr., representing the INTERIOR JOURNAL, and J. F. Owen, of the Somerset Reporter, have been visiting our town this week. We are always eager to welcome members of the press, and kindly extend an invitation to the two gentlemen mentioned to give us a call again. He is eloquent in his line, possessing an extraordinary power in convincing denials of the excellent quality of his goods. —Mr. T. H. Walton, Jr., representing the INTERIOR JOURNAL, and J. F. Owen, of the Somerset Reporter, have been visiting our town this week. We are always eager to welcome members of the press, and kindly extend an invitation to the two gentlemen mentioned to give us a call again.

—The Board of Wayne county, a somewhat unusual thing, have adjourned never to meet again on Monday. We do not say that crime is more rife in this county, but suggest that the present Grand Jury is more attentive to the interest of society and the general welfare of the county than some hitherto appointed. They should be so, when such a man as L. H. Stephenson is foreman, with an discount on the rest of the members. We hold this truth to be self-evident that the right kind of a Grand Jury is the palladium of society, and no less to be honored than the Supreme Court of the United States; and it is gratifying to us to inform you that up to the present time the Grand Jury of Wayne county has returned for more indictments than usual, with next week to hear from. Information from all sources, voluntary and by compulsion, has shown in and misdemeanor hitherto unthought of, such as furnishing liquor to inmates, &c., properly at tended to.

Letter from Missouri. —LEXINGTON, Nov. 20, 1880. On last Tuesday morning our town was thrown into a whirl of excitement by the announcement that Wm. F. Martin, who rendered sentence of death for the murder of his niece, George Miller, had effected his escape from the Lebanon jail. The circumstances, as ascertained by the writer, are as follows: Miss Martha Wilson, a niece of Sheriff Wilson, about sixteen years of age, seems to have fallen desperately in love with said Martin, and it was she who effected his escape. During the absence of Sheriff Wilson, on business, Martha went to the drazer where the cell keys were usually kept, took them, unlocked the cell door and liberated her lover. Not being satisfied with this unlauded act, she then furnished him with a repeating rifle and a revolver, with cartridges, and about \$25 in money, belonging to her uncle, and then walked off with him about eight o'clock Tuesday morning, great excitement prevailing when the news spread over town, and a posse of armed men immediately started in pursuit, but to this date no tidings have been received of the fugitives. A gentleman coming in from the county reported as having seen a man and woman about a week from town, and that as soon as they were alone they took to the bushes. The general impression is that this was Martin and his girl, but I think Martin is entirely too shrewd and cunning to travel on a public road. He has been in jail some time, and during the entire time he has been very hopeful. After he was convicted during August term of Court, 1880, he knuckled out all around on the street, while his was from the jail to the Court-house, simply because the man was a witness against him. He is a dangerous and degenerate character, and armed as he is, it is supposed that he will not be taken alive. Yours truly, C. P. E.

BOYLE COUNTY. **Mountain.** —It is written the Stars shall rule the earth. —In matters of love, politics and religion we are all fools. —Wayne county, with her usual patriotism, secured last autumn a majority for Hancock and English.

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TEXAS.

PAID, NOVEMBER 18, 1880.

On last Wednesday evening we left Louisville for a short trip to Texas, and thirty-four hours later we saw the hills of Arkansas covered with snow, which grew smaller by degrees, until it finally disappeared, before the Texas line was reached. Then instead of the white plains of Arkansas, which had grown so prominent, we whirled along the Texas & Pacific R. R. over an arid and as poor a country as a "crow over flow over." This country for the most part is covered with red oak and yellow pines, which are rapidly being converted into lumber by numbers of saw mills situated along this line of railroad. This poor land continues to within about thirty miles of Paris, when the fine cotton plantations commence, which supply the cities of the South with their principal article of trade.

PARIS.

It is the heart of this cotton growing section, is the county seat of Lamar county, and is situated on the line of the Texas & Pacific Railroad, one hundred miles west of Texarkana. The location of this town is beautiful, being in the center of one of the most beautiful portions of Texas; it is also well planned and handsomely built. The population is about 6,000. The Parisians are a hospitable, well-informed and well-behaved people, religion and education being highly regarded. The surrounding country is perhaps as rich and fertile as our fine grass regions, and many of the farms are neatly kept and highly cultivated. The first agreeable impression made upon the visitor in Paris is that of its wide streets. No town in this respect in Kentucky equals it in this respect; none do as large a business, and none are better lighted by gas. The stores are well filled with goods of all kinds, and the tastefully ornamented yards and home-like residences of the people will attract the eye at every turn. I have seen finer residences in Kentucky towns, but never so few that were unlighted. You see evidence of wealth in every part of the town; the yards and the flower beds will often surprise you by their beauty. Another pleasure experienced by the visitor arises from seeing the number of churches and schools in the place. They have eight of these—the Presbyterians have two, Methodists one, Baptists one, Reformers one, Episcopalians one, Congregationalists one and Catholics one. The houses are shabby and built of the best material. Paris has five or six schools, and they are now adding a public school-house, at a cost of eighteen thousand dollars, which when completed will be quite an additional ornament to the place. Now, let this letter get too long. I must run up things and hunt a place to stop. Paris has sixteen doctors; one of them is Dr. W. E. Dailey, formerly of Stanford, who has the largest and best practice in the place; and one is a woman. There are three typewriters, and they all say that they are doing well. Preschoolers and other professional men I haven't time to count. Paris has two good hotels, one of which has just been built; this is called the Patterson, after its owner, and it is one of the best kept and most popular hotels in Texas. There are two private banks, showing a capital stock of over \$500,000. There are three weekly newspapers published here, and there was fourth—a Greenback paper—but it died last week from the effects of the election. They say they all abound in news, but being a stranger, I can't vouch for this fact. There are three large flouring mills, two planing mills and one iron foundry, all doing a good business. The cotton compress, for power and superiority of machinery, is well worthy of mention. It was built at a cost of \$40,000, and compresses five hundred bales per day.

THE OIL CROP OF TEXAS.

The oil crop of Texas was a partial failure this season, caused by the ravages of the "shell worm." Paris has also a street railway, which is of great convenience to her people. I can not close this hurriedly written letter without expressing my thanks for favors to Gen. Maxey, U. S. Senator, Messrs. Burdett, Daily, Harrison and Owens—three of them young lawyers from Kentucky, all of them doing good business. Wishing you much success, I am yours,

A LINCOLN COUNTY BOY.

REMEMBER FOR BONE FELLOWS.

The London Leader, which is an authority on such subjects, gives the following unique cure for bone fellows. As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly bladder about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the end of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, you may see the bone, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or lancet.

SENSE.—A court of law trial for manslaughter is going on; Pat in the witness box. Counsel for the prisoner: "Did you see the prisoner at the bar knock down the deceased?" Pat: "No, y'r honor; he was alive when I ate him knocked down."

The End and the Clam.

A Clam was one day sailing around in search of some one who might be inclined to a religious dispute, when he came across a Cod. That was in the days when Codfish put on a heap of airs over the Clam tribe, and this particular fish stuck up his nose at that particular Clam, and began:

"Here you are grubbing away on this same old sand-bank for a living, while I have journeyed over 1,000 miles in the last four weeks."

"I am quite content," replied the Clam; "I am rather near-sighted, slow of foot, and nature did not intend me to travel far. Neither of us make more than a living, and I am satisfied if you are."

"Yes, but you have such an outlandish shape," sneered the Cod. "Why, there's neither head, nor tail, nor legs, nor arms to you. Your eyes are scarcely to be seen, and one little grin for a cent would split your whole face open."

"My eyes are plenty large enough to see that no two fish in the ocean agree," tartly replied the Clam, "and, seeing this, I have no cause to smile. What you say about my form is true, but I make chowder, for all that, and I have no bones to trouble the throats of humanity."

"Well, I am thankful that I wasn't born to begin and end my days in a sand-bank. I go everywhere. I take in all the free lunches. Small fish fear me, and big ones can't catch me. See how I glide around!"

The Cod took another circle around to show off, stood on his head, flourished his tail, and then asked:

"Can any of the Clam family do half that?"

"As I said before," quietly replied the Clam, "we were not cut out for either orators or acrobats. What I can do I try to do well. What I can't do I let alone and don't worry over it. At that moment a fish hook, nicely baited, dropped down between them."

"Now, if you only had a little more mouth, you could get enough to eat," said the Cod, as he eyed the bait. "As it is, you may stand by and see me take it at that bait. Just see what a mouth will do for one in this world."

He opened his mouth, snail a wink for the bait, and was about to sink at the Clam with his left eye, when he was suddenly pulled out of the water and landed in a boat.

"I think," mused the Clam, as he closed his shell, "that it is a great deal nicer to be a Clam in a sand-bank than a Cod in a fish boat, but I'll be 'open' to argument next flood time."

MORAL.

It is everything to know when to shut up. Complimentary under difficulties: A Department clerk having to solicit a favor from his chief, who is horribly deaf, asks an audience of the great man, and, on being ushered into his presence, shrieks: "I am glad to see you, that your deafness has almost entirely disappeared." "Hey?" said the great man, putting his hand to his ear. "I am glad, sir, to see your deafness has almost entirely disappeared," belated the clerk. The great man pulls his hand down from his ear and looks at the clerk. The clerk hesitates a moment, but then resolutely writes: "I am glad, sir, your deafness has almost entirely disappeared." The great man reads, smiles a hostile smile, and says warily: "Thanks! It has! And now, my dear young friend, what can I do for you? Name the thing, and it shall be done."—[French Paper.]

The following makes a cement that is said to resist the action of fire and water: Take half a pint of milk and mix it with an equal quantity of vinegar, so as to coagulate the milk; separate the curds from the whey, and mix the latter with the whites of four or five eggs, well beaten up; the mixture of these two being complete, add to them quick lime which has been passed through a sieve, making the whole into a thick paste of the consistency of putty when used. This cement has been used to close a fissure in an iron cauldron for the boiling of pitch, which has been in use for five years since, without requiring further repairs.

This was the travelling costume worn by an English bride the other day. "The tip of a dainty little red boot peeped from amid the creamy folds of cobweb lace, which edged her stone-colored cashmere dress. Over this, reaching nearly to her knees, was a mantle of dark brown plush fastened by means of curious devices to thick stone-colored silk cord. Her bonnet was a little round piece of plush, with two lilies of paradise arched around the brain. Long stone-colored gloves were covered at the wrists with many bangles and bracelets, gold on one arm, silver on the other."

The hand painted Christmas cards for this year are even queerer than those of last season; they represent the same old fashioned little girls and boys, but show them in action rather than repose. The coloring is to be as old in style as the drawing, and the effect is to be as quaint as possible.

Some of the Doctors in this city charge ten dollars for a baby, yet in some cases out of the ten-dollar young ones are as good as the ten-dollar ones.—[Kentucky State Journal.]

The Course of True Love.

A curious case was before Recorder Warring, in New York the other day. An elderly man, named Reiley, had charged Miss Ellen Jane Quinn with improperly securing the affections of his son Phil, by means of love potion, which, the old man alleged, she had given the young man, and Miss Quinn brought Mr. Reiley before the court on a charge of uttering a slander which was calculated to provoke a breach of the peace. Old Mr. Reiley admitted making the charge against Miss Quinn, and with his wife and daughter declared they could prove its truth. The Reileys said there had been a great, "an awful change" in the once well-behaved son and brother. They alleged he now stayed out late at night, acted very curiously, "was flighty," and had "what he had never had before, boils!" Miss Quinn stoutly denied having used any improper means to secure the affections of Phil, who, she admitted, was showing her attention. The clairvoyant doctor, it was alleged had told Miss Quinn the potion, was sworn. She said Miss Quinn had come to her and asked her for something that would make a man love and marry her, but the doctor said she only gave the young woman some cough medicine, which she told her would accomplish the purpose. Miss Quinn testified that this was all false. She said the never was at the doctor's house, and never spoke to the doctor. She said she never gave Phil any love potion. Phil took the stand. He said he did not know that he had been drugged. If he had he did not know it. He went to see Miss Quinn because he wanted to. There was some other testimony, but the Recorder found that Miss Quinn had neither bought nor sought to buy any love potion, and he exonerated the elder Reiley from slander, taking the ground that the old man had said what he believed to be true. The case is the talk of the town.

AN UNUSUAL BASIS.—Here is a story they are telling just now in London of a troupe of ladies. In the ladies' cabin were four wash-basins, one of which was much larger than the others. There were three ladies in the cabin whose husbands were about equal in rank. The women always think they have a right to presume on the ranks of their husbands when taking choice of berths, &c., and there was a great discussion as to who was entitled to the use of the big basin. It was referred to the pay-master of the ship, who could settle nothing, and it eventually to the captain. He gave a decision worthy of Solomon. After asking them if they would abide his verdict and not give any more trouble in the matter, which they readily agreed to do, he said he thought it was only fair that the oldest lady should have the biggest basin. That basin was never used during the whole voyage out.

When Daniel Barr, watchman in the rail mill in the Eighteenth ward, Cleveland, Ohio, left for work on Tuesday night last, his wife and three children were well, and his three-year old daughter followed him to the gate to kiss him. When he returned the next morning the house was locked and there was no sign of life. On climbing through a window, he was horrified to find the whole family lying senseless and the powerful odor of gas from a gas burner stove pervading the air. The little daughter who last kissed him was dead. The mother and an eleven-year old daughter were on a bed, and an infant on the floor, unconscious. A neighbor's daughter, visiting, was also insensible, and a woman friend of the family was sitting at the foot of her bed in a semicomatose condition. The last named may recover. The others will probably die.

A man, having lost his wife, was accosted by a sympathizing friend, who remarked upon his woe-begone appearance. "Well, I guess you would look thin, too," was the melancholy rejoinder, "if you had to get up before daylight, make the fires, draw water, split wood, and feed the cattle—all before breakfast. I just tell you what it is, I don't get anybody to fill poor dear maid's place, I will be testing by her side before many weeks shall have passed!"

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says that there is at the present time an almost unprecedented demand for diamonds. According to a large dealer in that city, one reason for this is that people have discovered that the depreciation in the value of diamonds is very much less than in the case of most other gems. They do not get out of fashion.

Rose ball, it will be remembered by old settlers, is a game played by 18 persons wearing red shirts and drawers. They scatter around the field and try to catch a cannon ball covered with rawhide. The game is to get people to pay two shillings to come inside the fence.—[Milwaukee Sun.]

"I am a Methodist," pleaded a prisoner before a Police Judge the other day. "All right, then," said the Judge, "well put you on probation." Which by interpretation is: he was held for trial.

Cotton seed was first planted in the United States in 1611, in Virginia, as an experiment. It was first planted in the Carolinas in 1773-74, and in Louisiana in 1744.

Why He Was in the Penitentiary.

An important case was tried before the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia. An old colored man was on the witness stand. The District Attorney interrogated the witness: "What is your name?" "John Williams, sah." "Are you the John Williams who was sent to the Albany State Penitentiary for larceny?" "No, sah—not this John."

"Are you the John Williams who was convicted of arson, and sent to the Baltimore Penitentiary?" "No, sah."

Tired of asking fruitless questions, the District Attorney suddenly put a leading one.

"Have you ever been in the Penitentiary?" "Yes sah."

All eyes were now turned upon the witness. The District Attorney smiled complacently and resumed:

"How many times have you been in the Penitentiary?"

"Twice, sah."

"Where?"

"In Baltimore, sah."

"How long were you there the first time?"

"About two hours, sah."

"How long the second time?" asked the Attorney, rather crestfallen.

"An hour, sah. I went there to whitewash a cell for a lawyer who robbed his client."

The Attorney sat down amid the laughter of the spectators.

A curious accident occurred at the Theatre Francaise, at Marseilles, during the performance of the "Dame de Montreuil." At the seventh scene M. Dauvray, who was playing the part of Cheot, was so carried away by his role that he actually stabbed M. Reynald, who was impersonating Livalor, in the breast, the dagger being sent well home. Seeing his comrade fall, M. Dauvray ran toward him, not only to seize the dagger, which he had upon him, in accordance with his part, but also to find if he was really hurt. But when he withdrew his hand covered with blood, he was so overcome with emotion that he fainted away. The wounded man was at once borne from the stage, but it was soon ascertained that the injury was only a slight one.

Nicholas Bonifaz's wife deserted him and went to San Francisco, where she married again. He followed and begged her to return to him and their children. She refused. They had a final interview in her house, and it ended with his shooting her four times. Neighbors ran in on hearing the reports, and found her alone. She was in mortal agony, and was told by the doctor that she could not possibly recover. They asked her who had shot her. "I don't know," she replied, "he was a stranger—I never saw him before." But her effort to shield the murderer was useless, for his body was soon found in the back yard, where he had killed himself.

LEARN TO BE SHORT.—Long stories, long exhortations, long prayers, and long editorials seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ail if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid and pain intolerable if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lope off branches—stick to the main facts in your case. If you speak, tell your message, and hold your breath; boil down two ideas into one, and three into two. Always learn to be short.

A Delaware man afflicted with the heart disease, and possessed of an inexplicable wish to die with his head to the North, was accustomed to lie down in the desired position whenever he felt an attack coming on. The final illness found him at a political meeting. He stretched himself on the floor, his head Northward, and died with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

Young Housekeeper—"The oysters you sent yesterday, Mr. Mollusk, were dreadful!" Fishmonger—"How did ye cook 'em mumm?" Young Housekeeper—"They were not cooked at all sir; we served them raw." Fishmonger (pitifully)—"For bless you, mumm, them wasn't eating oysters; they war cooking oysters!"

LOVE'S EXALTATION.—At Lebanon, Mo., Martha Wilson, a young woman lived with her uncle the jailer. Martha fell in love with Wm. Martin, a prisoner under sentence of death. She opened his cell door, furnished him with a rifle, gave him \$75 in money, and fled with him.

The defeated candidate is like an old bachelor, who says he once fell in love with a beautiful young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her folks were opposed to the match.—[Galveston News.]

By way of revenge, a discharged employee at a Denver railroad repair shop opened the throttle of a locomotive, and let it go down the track. It ran into other locomotives, and all were wrecked.

Edison will not be satisfied until he has discovered a better remedy for Coughs and Colds than Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. We say that he will never succeed.

WHOLESALE.

Wholesale prices of various commodities, including flour, sugar, and other goods.

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CINCINNATI SOUTHERN R.R.

TIME TABLE. IN EFFECT MARCH 8th, 1880.

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